

# BANNER OF PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

NO. 12.

LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.

Angel Visits.

They come like the light of day,  
When the morn's earliest ray  
Gilds the eastern sky.  
They come like the moon's pleasant light,  
When she reigns queen of the night,  
In the beautiful summer time.  
They come like the dew to the flower,  
After the sun's fervid power  
Has kissed it all day.

They come like the ocean's gentle swell  
To the shore, when all is well,  
After a storm.

So come Heaven's angels bright,  
Bringing sweet hope and delight  
To my weary spirit.

They come to my soul in its darkest hour,  
With whispered words of sacred power,  
And chase the cloud away.

They come when my heart is free from care,  
And all is joyous, bright, and fair  
To an earth-bound child.

They come to lift my thoughts above,  
To the bright realms of undying love,  
Where joy reigns forever.

O, then they are welcome to my breast!  
For they bring sweet thoughts of promised rest  
When earth's short day is o'er.

L. KENDALL.

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

By FANNY GREEN McDougall.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Poor Olive could not finish the sentence by saying that she was in love with him; so she filled the gaps in her mind with several imaginary dashes, and then went on: "He has shown me this rudeness; for it is not rudeness, after all our pleasant interview, merely to tell me, delicately as he may, that it is of no use?" And he—what do I know of him? He may be a married man. And what am I, but—in all honor and truth—wedded? O, to God! what am I, indeed? and where am I? She sank back in a corner of the carriage, powerless. She woke from her beautiful dream and found herself standing on the brink of a horrible gulf. She heard not—or knew not—that it was addressed to her, when the driver put in his head at the open door, saying: "It's a good mile yet, marm, an' bad goin' at that. They'll take ye over in a slay; so you'd better git out, for it's time to start."

Being thus made to comprehend her duty, she got out of the vehicle; and he who had chidden her, for attempting to descend from the high and ugly steps in broad daylight, was nowhere near to ward off another accident, which now seemed not very improbable. But she got down in safety; and, having given proper attention to her luggage, she was transferred to the "slay," which proved to be a great, heavy, hard-going wagon. But at last she was glad to get out of the way of observation. Was he, then, a heartless coquette? she asked herself again and again. Could it be? Yet, why this unaccountable change in his behavior? "Perhaps," she thought, "he is capricious; or the regard was too lightly won. And he will go—and forget—and I—O, what is it that I see?"

Then pride came to her aid; and then she thought perhaps it was well; for if he had not left her so, she should have thought a great deal more of him. Now, was not her own Wilfred true and steady in his love? And her thoughts went back to the tried affection of years, which had, ever since its first mistake, shone so steadily and devotedly; and there seemed a healthier current in her affection, perhaps, for this very trial. What, indeed, were all these fascinating powers, she asked herself, to stirring good sense, integrity, and truth of heart? And 'twas she felt, and thought, and reasoned, until she reached the house of her aunt. And from all this struggle was developed a calmness of demeanor almost amounting to coldness; yet, from the ferment of varied feelings was working out a strong and conscientious will to do right. What was this man to her, indeed? As he came, so would he go, and perhaps scarcely deign to remember her. She would banish him from her thoughts. She would turn back on the integrity of her own truth, and be at rest again. She would tell her dear mamma—that she would, indeed—how very silly she had been. There is always something to sooth one, even in a will to do right; and in a frame of mind much more truly happy than she had known in the whole of that delicious day, she arrived at her aunt's door. The highest happiness is not always in enjoyment; but to certain temperaments, if not in all, it must consist in something like a spiritual triumph; for then its higher nature is in the ascendant, and it is most truly human.

CHAPTER XIX.

"My mother; at thy holy name,  
Within my bosom's secret rush,  
A feeling which no time can tame;  
A feeling which for years of tame  
I would not—could not—crush!"

—Morris.

"Why, dear child!" said Mrs. Leonard, as Olive, in entering the old-fashioned parlor, was fatigued and excited, and partly from inability to see, coming, as she did, from the darkness into a strong light—walked off a step which led down into the room; and the good lady, as well as her rheumatism would permit, came to her assistance.

"Dear child!" she continued, in the blandest voice imaginable, as she embraced the well protected form of Olive, who, notwithstanding her thick shawl, was shivering with cold. "Ah, that's right, to take your cloak!—that is right, and prudent," continued the old lady; "and do, Susy, come along and help take off her things! It was so kind and good in you, dear, to come so quick! Why, I hadn't expected you this week yet. Betsy!" calling to a girl from the kitchen; "do go and put a little fire in the east chamber. And, Betsy, run quick, dear, and get a little ginger tea!"

Meanwhile Olive was not an inattentive observer. She sat watching the good lady, who was old enough to be her grandmother, she being only a half sister of her mother, and at least twenty years older. She was dressed in that most elegant and lady-like attire for aged persons, which prevailed, perhaps, twenty or thirty years ago. A neat black dress, rather low in the neck, and turned away in front, with a press crimp double border, neatly crimped, and a small round pin-cushion at the side. She was, with all this, not only of that benign and placid countenance with which we associate the idea of an angel, but she was at times vivacious and intelligent. She was, indeed, a beautiful picture, and would have been a study for any artist, who can look deeper than the skin, and be affected by the spiritual. To complete the fine effect, she wore her own silvery hair, which harmonized and enhanced the beauty of the whole. And, O, how Olive's heart thrilled beneath those kind eyes, as they sat together awhile after the young traveler had been warmed and fed, and established on the sofa, which was drawn up before a pleasant wood fire; for the good lady was speaking of her mother—the dear and sainted one, whom she could just remember, and whose looks and ways seemed to come back to her, through those of this aged and venerated sister. She lay and listened, and listened; and the good lady talked on, asking questions, and telling stories, till at length the tired girl was nearly sinking into sleep, spite of her effort to keep awake.

Then she was escorted to her room with two attendants to wait on her, and make her comfortable; for, although the old lady did not live in much style, as she had a farm, and was herself quite unable to do any hard work, she was obliged to keep up quite an establishment. The room was in all respects comfortable and pleasant; and Olive was really so fatigued that she had no time to indulge in any speculations concerning her late impressions; and what was very remarkable, she did not dream of the hand-some stranger!

In the morning she woke early; and the whole matter came back, with more force and distinctness; and there was an unpleasant conviction in her mind which she could not escape. How could she promise, before the sacred altar, to love and prefer Wilfred before all other men, if there was any exception—or even if there might be an exception? for she did not yet quite seem to know that there was. Sometimes she thought she would confess the whole, and cast herself on the mercy of Wilfred. If he wished to marry her under such circumstances, he might. But, then, what should she confess? Alas! poor Olive, like many others, did not know how strong and determined a thing human sympathy is, and that it can never exist in the highest degree but for ONE. She did not know that it—or the love which is its outbirth—sanctifies marriage, if it does not constitute it; and therefore, in her blind idea of duty, she said she would marry Wilfred. But as she lay, and thought, and puzzled over these matters, she made a closer approximation to the truth than most other persons do. But his singular behavior in parting had contributed, not only to give her strength, but to disguise her heart from itself by rousing her pride. Still, in spite of all she could do, there were dim and distant visions of possible blessing in a higher, truer, more perfect companionship than she had before imagined, that seemed looking out like fairy islands from the great sea of the Future. And then, with tears, she thanked him for his coldness, and resolved to turn truly back to Wilfred.

She did not know, when the heart is a wanderer, how exceedingly difficult it is for it to return. If it comes back it must be with loss—at least of its freshness. But, look at it which way she might, to speak to her dear mamma on the subject was a

far more difficult matter than she had at first apprehended.

She had hardly disposed of these points when she was summoned to breakfast, after which a renewal of communication between her and her aunt occupied all the morning; for she was too much fatigued to attend at church. Mrs. Leonard was delighted to hear of her good fortune, and equally grieved to learn the particulars of her ill-treatment and suffering.

And did Olive expect him, even though it was Sunday? Ah, Olive! why that sigh of disappointment at every swinging of the gate? Why does she start with a feeling of consciousness at every noise about the house, thinking it a bang of the great iron knocker? Did she expect any one? Mrs. Leonard innocently inquired, after one of these little asides—and the poor girl hid her blushing face in a large pot of white chrysanthemum flowers to evade a reply; for she was too truthful, even to dissemble in the least. Well, then, she was nervous. Riding a long way, and getting tired, made a great many people so; it always used to affect her in that way; but she did not ride much now. She was getting old, and rather liked the chimney-corner better than a seat in the best carriage; but she was happy to say her health, so far, had held out wonderfully. She hadn't had a day's sickness for twenty years, or more. She didn't know what the reason was, unless it was because she took no medicine. She always used to be dosing, and always ailing; but now she couldn't tell when she'd taken a potion of physic. It was surprising how well she got along without it!

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At any other time, Olive would have been delighted to enter into these subjects, and to throw over them the light of her own fresh and loving spirit, with attentions which are so grateful and precious to the aged; but now she was, to say the most, but a sorry listener. Yet after a while the morning wore away, and still she gained in the good graces of the old lady; for there was one subject of interest in which Olive was enthusiastic; and that was her mother. She sat on a low stool at the feet of her good aunt, for hours that morning, looking up into her benign face, and blessing her for the love she bore that dear and sainted one, as the pleased narrator rehearsed stories of their youth, and of the childhood and infancy of her little sister, as she always called Mrs. Branch—every few minutes breaking off in her narrative to note some new point which she had discovered, and which went to show that Olive was the very picture of her mother.

CHAPTER XX.

"It gives me wonder great as my content.  
To see you here before me." —Othello.

After dinner, Mrs. Leonard retired to her usual nap, and Olive seized the opportunity of exploring some of the beautiful places she had seen from the windows. The farm lay on the banks of the Connecticut, which are so famed for their Arcadian beauty. Wide and rich meadows stretched away far as the eye could reach; and, though wanting the variety they had in the summer, when they were checked with almost every kind of grass and grain, now presented many shades of greenness from the second growth of grass, and the springing up of herbs where the grain had been reaped away, with intervening fields of maize; the corn sometimes standing in shocks ready for the harvest, at others yet maintaining its place, with the yellow ears protruding from their gray and white husks, and glistening like gold in the clear sun-shine. These meadows were further adorned by the most magnificent elms in the world. Nothing could exceed the beauty and variety of these trees. Every graceful combination of forms, in trunk and branches, seemed to be represented in these patriarchs of unknown ages; while many of them were adorned with the most fantastic drapings of woodbine, wild ivy, grape, and other-vines. A beautiful nook, curtained with grape vines, and tasseled with the silver tufts of the clematis, attracted her as a pleasant place for repose and meditation. It was so sheltered as to have an air of privacy, without excluding the beauties of the landscape. She sat down on the bank, that was scooped out so as to form a kind of natural sofa, and yielded herself to the inspiration which the scene afforded. The serene skies of October dropped their blue curtain from the great arch above; and as it seemed to float and hover in the still air, masses of white, fleecy vapor flecked it with ever-changing forms of grace and beauty; and everything harsh and inharmonious seemed to be shut out from the scene. The bells of the distant village came with a kind of drowsy chime that just awoke, without disturbing, the far-reaching silence.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SORROW.—Sorrow soars us, and makes the mind general. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look out in the grief of those before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is good for him, and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, happy days but in the solemn, mournful, long distances. And it is in sorrow—that night of the soul—that we see farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity, and sons and daughters of the Most High.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

A writer in the *Times*, "Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer," has, of late, been instructing the public on this important subject. She declares herself radically opposed to such folly. She isn't strong-minded—not a bit of it. Women, who have aspirations for notoriety are her especial abhorrence. Female lecturers, and Bloomers generally, she can't abide. She considers it her duty, as a Christian woman and a good wife, to raise her voice and wield her pen against the clamor of these revolutionists. How modest! Mrs. Spencer, without doubt, is a Christian woman and a good wife; but it does not appear that the public would ever have been aware of the important fact, had not Mrs. Spencer been kind enough to inform them through the public press.

Mrs. Spencer does not believe in woman's stepping outside of her natural sphere. Neither do we! But we would be much obliged to Mrs. S. if she would point out for us just what woman's sphere is. Not what woman's sphere is supposed to be in California or Massachusetts, but what her sphere is the world over. We imagine she would find some little difficulty in satisfying the minds of all the lords of creation. Our neighbor over the sea, celestial Sam Kee, is confident that woman's sphere is to have her feet compressed to the smallest possible size, and to be bought and sold the same as other merchandise. Mustapha Pasha thinks her sphere does not extend outside of the walls of the harem; and if she displeases him, he holds it as his right, according to time-honored custom in the best society—in the land of the true prophet—to rid himself of her by the simple act of drowning. Of course the Turkish wife does not object; it is her sphere to be drowned. Our sable brother, Grizzly Bear, has an opinion that woman's sphere is to grind corn, catch grasshoppers, and keep him well supplied with chumuck. In defense of his opinion, he would remind you that such has been the custom in the best society—among the "pow-wows"—from time immemorial.

Mrs. S., in one of her articles, indulges in a large amount of abuse and ridicule of Mrs. Dr. Walker and San Francisco lady of "the same stamp." She should like to see the lady in society who would recognize them as women! Doubtless, after writing that sentence, the devout Mrs. S. calmly laid down her pen, closed her eyes in the most unexceptionable manner, and reverently murmured the following prayer: "God, I thank Thee that I am not as others are, revolutionists, female orators, Bloomers, or even as Mrs. Dr. Walker."

And her prayer is answered. Mrs. Walker is known throughout our whole country as the brave woman who periled her life in ministering to the sufferings of our patriot soldiers. Mrs. S. has sought notoriety, but with poor success. Our Sunday papers have been flooded with her effusions; but, outside of their own circulation, we are not aware that she has any literary reputation. She attempted once the editorial management of a paper in the East; and, according to her own confession, miserably failed. She has published a novel, but the second edition, as yet, has not been called for.

Good Saint Paul, for whose opinion she has such profound respect, when he said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," must have referred to women of about Mrs. Spencer's ability—those who attempted to speak, and utterly failed. It is said that woman, intellectually, is inferior to man—a position we have always denied, but, since reading Mrs. Spencer's articles, we are willing to admit. But is it any argument why she should not vote, provided she desires to? Because one man has less talent than another, does it follow that he has not equal right to exercise what little talent he possesses? Mrs. S. would not take such a position for a moment. If man, by intellectual inferiority, loses none of his rights, how can you deny woman any right she may claim? It is much easier to ridicule dandy women and Bloomers than to advance sound arguments on this subject.

Mrs. S. closes her somewhat lengthy article with an anecdote, which we give entire, showing the style of argument the lady deems in:

"Some of these women, who are going mad for opportunities to throw themselves into the public life, remind me of a woman I heard of when a child. Her husband had been elected constable, and she was in ecstasies over his success. All at once she reflected that this occasion of dignity must reflect something upon herself. She turned to him with a glowing face: 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as others are a constable, Joshua—lawn! what am I? His answer was a just one, we are compelled to admit: 'You're a — fool, that's what you are!'

There is a similarity in all women, Mrs. S. Comparisons are odious.

UNFAIRNESS OF THE DAILY PRESS.

[The following communication was refused a place in the columns of the Sacramento *Union*. The reason therefor the reader will find in the article itself. We publish it for the same reason the *Union* had for its rejection, namely, that it contains truth very damaging to that paper's character for fairness and candor.—EDS. BANNER.]

GRASS VALLEY, January 12, 1867.

EDITORS SACRAMENTO UNION.—Inclosed please find check on D. O. Mills & Co. for \$5, for renewal of the Weekly. I should, as usual, have sent it before the expiration of the last, but that I was in hopes the *American Flag* would start again. I have exerted myself some for the benefit of that paper by getting subscribers. Although I think, for intelligence and reliability, as well a well conducted paper, the *Union* has no superior in this or any other country, and I have long been a subscriber here and at Stockton, both myself and others should and would much prefer the *Flag*, and only for one reason. The *Union*

is, and has long been, entirely regardless of wounded—the sensibilities of very many of its subscribers—perhaps many more than you suppose—by losing no opportunity of casting slurs and unmerited obloquy on Spiritualism. This is our religion, honestly and sincerely entertained. Why are you not willing to let us enjoy it in peace? Yours is not a religious, much less a sectarian paper. Are not the orthodox papers adequate to their own defense? or is their cause so weak that yours, a paper supported by all classes, must take up the cudgel in their behalf, not by open and manly discussion, which would be all we ask, (thereby showing us our error,) but by making it still more unpopular (if possible) among those who know nothing of its principles, by selecting every case, near and remote, of crime and insanity, and laying all to the charge of Spiritualism?

How contemptible, to men of your good sense, must have appeared the undignified attacks of John Paul on Mrs. Laura Cuppy several months since, in San Francisco! Having nothing better to resort to, to wound her feelings, he flies to a *jeu d'esprit* upon her name, and she a stranger seeking a livelihood by her intellect. Can such a man remember he ever had a mother or sister?

Then, again, that model of a Boston correspondent, "Roland," tries to be witty on "Josylin of Providence"—"one Josylin." Is he aware that L. K. Josylin is one of the most honorable men in R. I.? No one denies that among Spiritualists are many black sheep, but, sir, is it difficult among the orthodox churches, our current coin, and many of the arts and sciences, to find hypocrites, counterfeits, and imitations? No. Why then damn us for the name we bear, without showing in us any inherent cause of reproach? We ask no greater boon of any one, but especially of the scientific, than a candid, unprejudiced investigation, and an honest perusal of standard authors on this subject; for, however trivial the unthinking may deem the matter, nothing that concerns man is of such paramount importance to our future welfare.

Respectfully yours,

J. A. T.

A Boy's Dream of Snow.

I dreamed last night of the beautiful snow,  
Gently dropping from heaven to earth,  
Softly and silently falling,  
Out of the clouds where its flakes have birth;  
Lightly and steadily gathering deep,  
Till the earth is hilted in a golden glow

## THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

### A Humorous, but Truthful Notice.

Under the caption of "A Week on Land and Water," a writer for the Sacramento *Daily Record*, "Bill Dadd, the Scribe," gives the following humorous account of one of Mrs. Foye's Seances in that city:

**Editor's Record:**—After I had refreshed my system with some nutritious ailment, I proceeded to join the seance for the first evening. While soliciting on what to pursue for that evening, a soft voice spoke thus—

"Well, Uncle, are you going to the 'Scéne' to-night?"

Offended at his familiarity, I raised my spectacles that I might give him one of my most withering looks as I replied: "Young man, I have none to see."

"You are mistaken," said he, "I did not mean a human aunt."

"Well, youngster," said I, "if you want me to see the ladies in Sacramento, you will be disappointed, for we have every variety of ants in Woodland, and I am not going to pay four bits to see ants in Sacramento."

"Why, you old muddied-headed dummy," replied he, "I mean Mrs. Foye's spiritual Seances."

It was all in vain to speak and tattered off to the "Verde Hall." After arriving there, I deposited my four bits as entrance fee, and wandered in promiscuously. An audience of about three hundred people were assembled, of whom about one-third were ladies. A few moments elapsed, when a medium-sized lady came forward and seated herself on the piano, and sang in a clear, strong voice a simple song. She sang with an absence of that "distinguished" air, which spoils the singing of so many of our fashionable ladies, who imagine that the contortions of a choking man add to their beauty, and the voices of some entities them to the distinction of being Harvard.

[She reminded me of my early days, when I listened to the youthful voice of Mrs. D. as she sang, "O, take me to your arms, my love, for I am the wind that blows." Well, those days are gone, yet the musical fingers like mesh on a darning-globe, entwined, bidding me to sit down, and within the scene, cased within. And now, even after long and weary years have cast their shadows over the sunshine of those days, a simple song, trifled forth in simple melody, will awaken all the slumbering rays of tenderness, for a moment, rendering life's great desert an Eden of purity.]

While I was gazing, I presented the picture of an artless, intelligent lady of about twenty-five years, of graceful form, rather slender, and finely chiseled features of the Grecian type. She would be called good-looking, not pretty. But she had a look, and a smile, and a radiance, with this lips, be tokened a fine nervous temperament, with a temper of her own. And, by the way, my experience with women leads me to the conclusion, that none are deficient in that article. Another indication of a high-pressure temper was the wealth of her hair.

"I am going to give you a woman," said Paul, and I agree with him. What on earth the ladies want to cut off their beauty for, puzzles me. Even Mrs. D. must be in the fashion, and has had her gray locks cut short, leaving her head looking like a singed porcupine, or a gosling when first feathered out."

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On opening this question, the kind of woman, plain, plain, and simple. The next question, "Will the spirit write the name contained in the ballot?" was generally answered in the affirmative. The medium's hand then traced a name on the paper, from right to left, and bottom upwards. On opening the ballot, it was found to be the same as the name of the person who had voted. Various spirits were called up, and answered a multitude of questions, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases—I think I might say in all.

At the end of the sitting, the Committee, with the unanimous assent, decided that there had been no "spiritualism" at all. One held the raps under the platform, another felt them on the table at a different period of the seance. Take it all in all, there was something beyond my simple comprehension. I do not wish to do the lady injustice, but yet I must investigate further, and decide this question. The next question, "Will the spirit write the name contained in the ballot?" was generally answered in the affirmative. The medium's hand then traced a name on the paper, from right to left, and bottom upwards. On opening the ballot, it was found to be the same as the name of the person who had voted. Various spirits were called up, and answered a multitude of questions, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases—I think I might say in all.

On the morning of the day on which the above race took place, Mrs. Seaver told her husband that she dreamed the night before that she saw him in a wagon, dragged some distance, and strike his head against something, so hard, that all what, and killed. She urged him not to go to the race. He smiled at the dream, not being at all superstitious, and went. He, however, seemed to be not altogether right, and before the race told Mr. Gilman that he would not drive, but put the team under his direction. Mr. G. did so, upon the result. Mrs. Seaver, upon his departure for the race, dressed herself as if ready for a journey, and awaited, as she affirms, to be called upon to go to him. And she was. When sent, she told the messenger that she knew what he had come for. All of what we give as we heard it, and pronounced it very strange, if true, and we believe it is. —*Vermont Record.*

**REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENTS.**—Last week Friday, Mr. J. D. Seaver of Stowe, Sheriff of Lamoille county, was severely injured. It seems there was a hunting party at Morrisburg, in which he and Mr. Chapman were parties. Seaver was given a severe burn by his running into Gilman's when Mr. Seaver was dragged about thirty rods and badly mangled, especially about the head.

While at Montpelier last week, we heard some very remarkable predictions, in which we were told of the death of Mr. Seaver as stated above. We give them as we heard them, and can, if necessary, name our authority. We understand that, for a long time previous to the death of Mr. Seaver, his wife repeatedly told him that death would soon enter their family and strongly urged him to purchase a lot in the cemetery upon which, it is said, Mr. Seaver had been at work, helping to lay it out, etc.

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**"SPEAKING OF shaving,"** said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by."

"Yes," responded the bachelor, "many a poor fellow has been shaved by them."

**EMERSON,** of some other Eastern writer in the *Atlantic*, (the magazine, not the ocean,) tells us that "much is said about the tongue!" True, the thing is in everybody's mouth. He'd be dunces or a dunce who couldn't say something with such a subject as that.

The last census shows that over 30,000 persons in the United States were engaged in printing, publishing, etc., of whom 22,106 were printers, 2,994 editors, 411 reporters, 91 publishers, 943 newsmen, 6,010 bookbinders, and 1,861 booksellers and stationers.

**ALMOST** any one can write a long newspaper article, but it takes talent to put the same amount of thought into a short one, and ten persons will read the latter where one will the former.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied: "He had no particular ear-marks, except a very short tail."

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the Sheriff to the Judge. "Why, I suppose, Sir, that you can get panels enough out of doors."

A LEXINGTON (Ky.) paper says that town has a population of nine thousand persons, with eleven hundred souls."

The best paid minister in Connecticut is Rev. C. L. Goodell, of New Britain, who receives \$2,500 a year.

## The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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### Are the Tendencies of Spiritualism Immoral?

We once heard of an old deacon, who was somewhat wealthy, and owned a splendid farm, situated near the foot of a hill that was high and steep. On the top of the hill lived a poor man, who, with adverse circumstances and miserable health to contend with, often found a scanty supply in his larder wherewith to satisfy Nature's demands for food; and sometimes—though with the greatest reluctance—he was driven to the necessity of calling on his neighbor for assistance to keep actual starvation from his door. One bitter cold morning, finding that there was no other alternative—that he must seek aid or starve and freeze—he, with his family, called on the old deacon, and related the circumstances of his forlorn condition. The old deacon promised to see what could be done for him. So, after fortifying himself from the cold without by taking a warm breakfast within, he started for his nearest neighbor, who lived just beyond him on the plain. It so happened that this man was an old-fashioned Universalist. The old deacon soon made known his errand, by stating the fact of the destitute condition of their neighbor on the hill, and remarked that he had done a great deal for him, and thought it was about time for others to take hold and help. The Universalist pleaded entire ignorance in the matter, and inquired what they most stood in need of. The deacon replied, that they had not a stick of wood at the door, and that he thought it a burning shame that they had been so neglected; but one could not do everything, and, as he had done a great deal, it was about time for him to stop. The liberal man was not long in starting for the woods, and, on his return, having reached the deacon's house at the foot of the hill, he found that his heart had been too generous for the strength of his team; so he applied to the deacon for the loan of his team to draw the wood up the hill. But the old Christian deacon demurred somewhat, and finally said: "You know, neighbor, I told you this morning, that I had done a great deal for these folks for many years; and there is a point where one must stop." Irritated beyond endurance by the covetousness of the old deacon, the Universalist denied that the deacon had done aught for the poor family, and challenged him to name one thing that he had done. "Oh!" replied the deacon, "I have done a great deal—a great deal." "But name one thing, Deacon," said his neighbor, "or I will brand you as a falsifier all over town." Driven to the dire extremity, the old deacon falteringly replied, while he turned his face away for very shame, "I have prayed for him night and morning for these last twenty years!" How much did his prayers avail? The suffering condition of his neighbor is the answer, on which whosoever chose wrote what he deemed fit to say, and added his signature, so that no common eye could read their contents, they were passed to the table. The medium sitting between the Committee, with her person not touching the table, which was plain, with no drawers, took a ballot in her hand asking, "Is this spirit present?" Owing to this question, the kind of woman he heard plain, plain, and simple. The next question, "Will the spirit write the name contained in the ballot?" was generally answered in the affirmative. The medium's hand then traced a name on the paper, from right to left, and bottom upwards. On opening the ballot, it was found to be the same as the name of the person who had voted. Various spirits were called up, and answered a multitude of questions, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases—I think I might say in all.

While I was gazing, I presented the picture of an artless, intelligent lady of about twenty-five years, of graceful form, rather slender, and finely chiseled features of the Grecian type. She would be called good-looking, not pretty. But she had a look, and a smile, and a radiance, with this lips, be tokened a fine nervous temperament, with a temper of her own. And, by the way, my experience with women leads me to the conclusion, that none are deficient in that article. Another indication of a high-pressure temper was the wealth of her hair.

"I am going to give you a woman," said Paul, and I agree with him. What on earth the ladies want to cut off their beauty for, puzzles me. Even Mrs. D. must be in the fashion, and has had her gray locks cut short, leaving her head looking like a singed porcupine, or a gosling when first feathered out."

On opening this question, the kind of woman, plain, plain, and simple. The next question, "Will the spirit write the name contained in the ballot?" was generally answered in the affirmative. The medium's hand then traced a name on the paper, from right to left, and bottom upwards. On opening the ballot, it was found to be the same as the name of the person who had voted. Various spirits were called up, and answered a multitude of questions, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases—I think I might say in all.

At the end of the sitting, the Committee, with the unanimous assent, decided that there had been no "spiritualism" at all.

One held the raps under the platform, another felt them on the table at a different period of the seance. Take it all in all, there was something beyond my simple comprehension. I do not wish to do the lady injustice, but yet I must investigate further, and decide this question. The next question, "Will the spirit write the name contained in the ballot?" was generally answered in the affirmative. The medium's hand then traced a name on the paper, from right to left, and bottom upwards. On opening the ballot, it was found to be the same as the name of the person who had voted. Various spirits were called up, and answered a multitude of questions, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases—I think I might say in all.

On the morning of the day on which the above race took place, Mrs. Seaver told her husband that she dreamed the night before that she saw him in a wagon, dragged some distance, and strike his head against something, so hard, that all what, and killed. She urged him not to go to the race. He smiled at the dream, not being at all superstitious, and went. He, however, seemed to be not altogether right, and before the race told Mr. Gilman that he would not drive, but put the team under his direction. Mr. G. did so, upon the result. Mrs. Seaver, upon his departure for the race, dressed herself as if ready for a journey, and awaited, as she affirms, to be called upon to go to him. And she was. When sent, she told the messenger that she knew what he had come for. All of what we give as we heard it, and pronounced it very strange, if true, and we believe it is. —*Vermont Record.*

**REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENTS.**—Last week Friday, Mr. J. D. Seaver of Stowe, Sheriff of Lamoille county, was severely injured. It seems there was a hunting party at Morrisburg, in which he and Mr. Chapman were parties. Seaver was given a severe burn by his running into Gilman's when Mr. Seaver was dragged about thirty rods and badly mangled, especially about the head.

While at Montpelier last week, we heard some very remarkable predictions, in which we were told of the death of Mr. Seaver as stated above. We give them as we heard them, and can, if necessary, name our authority. We understand that, for a long time previous to the death of Mr. Seaver, his wife repeatedly told him that death would soon enter their family and strongly urged him to purchase a lot in the cemetery upon which, it is said, Mr. Seaver had been at work, helping to lay it out, etc.

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**"SPEAKING OF shaving,"** said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by."

"Yes," responded the bachelor, "many a poor fellow has been shaved by them."

**EMERSON,** of some other Eastern writer in the *Atlantic*, (the magazine, not the ocean,) tells us that "much is said about the tongue!" True, the thing is in everybody's mouth. He'd be dunces or a dunce who couldn't say something with such a subject as that.

The last census shows that over 30,000 persons in the United States were engaged in printing, publishing, etc., of whom 22,106 were printers, 2,994 editors, 411 reporters, 91 publishers, 943 newsmen, 6,010 bookbinders, and 1,861 booksellers and stationers.

**ALMOST** any one can write a long newspaper article, but it takes talent to put the same amount of thought into a short one, and ten persons will read the latter where one will the former.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied: "He had no particular ear-marks, except a very short tail."

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the Sheriff to the Judge. "Why, I suppose, Sir, that you can get panels enough out of doors."

A LEXINGTON (Ky.) paper says that town has a population of nine thousand persons, with eleven hundred souls."

The best paid minister in Connecticut is Rev. C. L. Goodell, of New Britain, who receives \$2,500 a year.

inconsistent than this manner of praying? The ignorant Chinaman, who bows down and does reverence unto his Josh, is more consistent than the Christian in the above described species of worship; for he has never enjoyed the advantages of an intellectual education, which many Christians have. Jesus Christ's idea of prayer will be considered in our next. T.

The Daily Press coming over to Spiritualism!

To our utter astonishment, not to say disgust, we perceive that the *Bulletin*, *Alta*, and some of the smaller fry of journals, such as the *Evening Dispatch*, have lately, on several occasions, *dared* to publish long articles detailing occurrences produced through the ministrations and instrumentality of spirits—the events recorded having taken place both in Europe and America. We are in trepidation from a fear that our thunder is about to be appropriated without credit by the remorseless bigots who have hitherto lost no occasion to abuse us and our belief with ridicule and infuendo, for the lack of arguments by which to controvert well established facts. Let these thieves beware! We shall not tamely submit to have our fundamental doctrines made use of to popularize our enemies. Keep your own side of the fence—gentlemen, we are about to call you; but thieves are not generally considered such! Let us enjoy our beautiful faith and philosophy, without apprehension that, at the eleventh hour, these laggards may come in to claim equal and perhaps superior privileges with us in the kingdom.

One day last week, the *Bulletin* published, in their supplemental sheet, two articles of thoroughly Spiritualistic character, without a word of doubt or skepticism in regard to their reliability. Wonderful condescension! We expect to see in that paper, by-and-by, regular accounts of spirit communications in various parts of the country. But hold! We had forgotten, in our enthusiastic admiration of their recent liberality, that this *Bulletin* still obstinately refuses to insert notices of spiritual lectures in its usual Sunday list of church meetings, and will not even advertise, for money, our spirit mediums! This conduct makes the enormity of their offence, in stealing our thunder, still greater. The fact is, they are trying to get into our heaven through a back door! They are welcome to come in and join us if they wish to, but we will see that they enter by the open front door, in sight of all the people! And, now we think of it, it is not so much to their credit, after all, to publish spiritual facts in a slip sheet, and not in their regular editorial columns. For don't you see?—this does not commit them to an endorsement of the fallacious pretenses set up to sustain such a theory. Without referring to the Bible as a final authority in the matter, we would say that we believe that "God made of one blood all nations of men;" which is the same as asserting that all mankind are of one race. And the anatomist and physiologist finds this declaration confirmed by the most minute investigation he can institute in regard to it. Contrary to the assertion of the editor of the *Industrial Magazine*, it is found that all the temperaments exist in every race under the sun. The *Alta* had the temerity to say, the other day, that a little child, who had been burned by its clothes taking fire, would be in the *spirit world* before the account was seen by its readers. Pray, where is that world, if it is not within, about, and around—in fact, everywhere? Wherever spirit exists, there is the spirit world; and this earth is as much the world of spirits as any other. The only difference is between the form occupied by the spirit here, and that assumed hereafter. The successor of Fitz Smythe in the local department of the *Alta* had better become more familiar with the Spiritual Philosophy, before dabbling in its terms. He was only accidentally right in saying the child would be in the spirit world; for it is evident to every sane man that it could never have been, and never would be, anywhere else, unless it should go outside the universe!

The pro-Irish, anti-Coolie, cheap evening paper, the *Dispatch*, also published a "ghost story" a few weeks ago. Its conductors would feel cheap enough, should they be called Spiritualists for so doing. But we will not complain any more seriously than we have in this article, if our contemporaries of the daily press will continue to publish, even without comment of their own, such facts as may come within their observation, by reading or otherwise, relating to spirit communion. We don't care so much about the particular way in which the truth reaches the people, as we do that it should go in some way. M.

# THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

### IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Because the earthquake, the volcano, the flood, and the tornado had the effect to frighten ignorant humanity two or five thousand years ago into the adoption of certain forms of rude devotion, and the offering up of sacrifices for the sole purpose of appeasing angry gods, or invisible powers; that, therefore, such ideas and practices should descend, even in a very much modified form, to all generations as highest truth, seems, in a philosophical view of the case, a manifest absurdity, unworthy the notice of rational, sensible men. But while this order of things has prevailed in some portions of the earth, through many long centuries, there have been other methods of worship which have arisen out of far different circumstances, and under a more genial influence, which have exercised a preponderating power over all others, and sink them into comparative insignificance in the estimation of the searcher after truth. Such are the worship and observances that have passed down to us from the astronomical standpoint, to be found on the plains of Chaldea, and on the banks of the river Nile, in Egypt. To this point or portion of the world we are enabled to trace accurately and easily the origin of all prevailing forms of religious worship. Here existed a magnificent ritualistic system of religion, with a powerful priesthood and splendid temples, thousands of years before Moses was born. The German philosopher, Bunsen, shows us that one of the Egyptian monuments was built at least forty centuries before the Christian era. This great work could not have been commenced until the people had reached a tolerable degree of culture, the work of many centuries, as we know by comparison with other nations of a more recent date. Professor Draper informs us that, in 1854, there were excavations made by the orders of the Viceroy of Egypt, which extended to the depth, in various places of the Nile, and near the monuments, of forty-one feet four and a half inches; that through all this, there was nothing reached but Nile deposits, composed of alternate layers of loam and sand, the same throughout; that through all this mass were fragments of burnt brick and pottery; even at the lowest depth, there were found pieces of pottery, and of the organic remains; they were all of recent date. He further states that several calculations were made as to the amount of sediment deposited each century, and the result was, three and a half inches; which gives 13,500 years before the birth of Christ. The Professor intimates that this was not a fair and full test of the amount of deposit, as in the borings the rock was not reached, which lies at the bottom of the original valley of the river. If, then, pottery and other substances of handicraft character were discoverable, which carries us back thirteen or fourteen thousand years prior to the Christian era, how long before that time may we reasonably date the period of their religious history, which doubtless preceded all attempts at a system of manufacture of brick or pottery, or anything else requiring time to become acquainted with, and proficiency in? Without any positive knowledge of the fact, we are yet warranted in the belief, that, when the men of the Nile began to congregate, their first employment was one of close and continued observation of all their surroundings, both of the elements of the earth and the skies, filled with spots of twinkling light, high above their conceptions. And it must be reasonable, further, to suppose that, ere many years of their residence had passed, certain men were appointed and required to watch closely, and note accurately, the changes that took place, the better to regulate the affairs of their agricultural pursuits, the hope and trust for subsistence of the whole community depending, as it did, upon the annual flow of the sacred Nile. They, however, soon learned that their observations must necessarily extend to objects above the earth, if they would be seasonably warned of that which interested them most in their occupations and requirements. They began to observe the heavens and the movements of stars, as they rose and moved across the firmament, and were then lost to view, while others of a different character appeared, forming clusters and figures to which names were given and places assigned. This duty devolving on a few select persons, appointed to the office by the king or chief ruler, for their acquirements of knowledge and attention to the welfare of the people, soon made them an element of power indispensable to the commonwealth; and this was the germ of the Egyptian priesthood. The historian informs us that, so great and powerful was this body of men in their capacity of priests, the most exalted of the monarchs dared not disobey their mandates, or set aside their decrees. The Egyptian religion was far from a mere speculative subject; but, on the contrary, it was strictly enforced on all the people by grave and solemn ceremonies; the great temples were often the witnesses of grand processional services, the types of some that live in our own day. There were sacrifices of meat offerings, libations, and incense; there were temple decorations, pageantry, and devotional hymns to the praise of the great God Osiris, and the counterpart, Isis. These ancient Egyptians had, too, their trinities, which afforded to the vulgar abundant opportunities for idolatrous worship; it was said there had been Divine manifestations of a terrestrial character for the salvation of men. They taught that Osiris was incarnate in the flesh, and that he fell a sacrifice to the evil principle, and after his death and resurrection became the appointed judge of the dead. He was made to dwell in the under world, which is lighted by the sun at night; his office being President of the West. We fancy that we have a truth of recent date, when we claim the eternity of matter, and the indestructibility of all substances. But this is a great mistake, inasmuch as we find that those old Egyptian priests taught that nothing is or can be annihilated; to die, therefore, they said, was to assume a new form. Herodotus declares that they were the first to discover the immortality of the soul; saying that it was but an emanation of the great universal soul, existing to a less degree in all animals and plants. Believing, as they did, that there had been Divine incarnations, they were obliged to affirm the dogma, that there had been a fall of man, as necessary for a logical argument in justification of their faith. A powerful and learned body of men, forming the priests and teachers, had thus grown up from mere watchers of the rising of the river Nile, in its vast influence upon agriculture, where seven millions of inhabitants were dependent for their daily subsistence. Their calling, however, was not confined to noting the rise of the water, and proclaiming the fact to the cultivators of the land, but embraced the movements of the heavenly bodies as well; more especially the star which appeared just at the time of the commencement of the flow of the river. This was the Dog-star Sirius—the most splendid star in the heavens. Draper says: "To the Egyptians, the inundation was the most important event

upon earth. Mistaking a coincidence for a cause, they were led to the belief that when that brilliant star emerged in the morning from the rays of the sun, and began to assert its own inherent power, the sympathetic river, moved thereby, commenced to rise. A false inference like this soon dilated into a general doctrine; for if one star could in this way manifest a direct control over the course of terrestrial affairs, why should not another? indeed, why should not all?" J. D. PIERSON.

(COMMUNICATED.)

### ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

I was greatly edified by an article in the *Spiritual Republic* of February 2d, on this subject. While agreeing with the main drift of the essay, I am compelled to dissent from some of its positions. The writer says: "Evil, though a necessary, is a temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body. Animalism is essentially, necessarily selfish. Soul is inherently unselfish, because, in nature and aspiration, it is impersonal and universal." The writer elsewhere speaks of the soul as being "divine." To my perceptions the body is as really, as essentially divine as the soul; both are alike the outworking or development of the great Deific nature. True, the body is made of coarser material; is temporary in its uses and organization, while the soul is composed of finer material, indestructible in its organization, and eternal in its uses. Comparatively speaking, the soul is the more important and admirable entity of the two, while the body transcends all other known organisms. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *evil*; it is merely negative undevelopment, or, more properly speaking, a comparative term; expressing want of correspondence between the *actual* and our highest ideal. This lack of correspondence is, doubtless, a necessary condition of intellectual beings in a state of growth; but to discuss this point would be diverging from the main purpose of this paper. Our animal instincts, passions, appetites, and all other qualities, are outgrowths of our condition, and, generally speaking, adapted to it, and produced by general and undeviating laws. Our particular characteristics are the result of the impetus given to our organism by parentage, as modified by the causes which have acted upon it during growth. These inherited constitutional powers, and external modifying conditions, being ever varying, have produced the endless variety of individual character which we find, varying in endless degrees from the particular ideal standard which we term *good*. Perhaps this ideal standard might be expressed as harmonious, and completeness of development of all the faculties of the body and mind. It does not appear that animalism is essentially selfish, or that the soul, as such, is free from selfishness. The maternal affection, as exhibited toward offspring by man, and even by the lower animals, is unselfish. True, the animal appetites and passions simply crave gratification; but in the lower animals they are regulated, to some extent, by instinct, while, in man, reason and the moral sense are added to constitute a noble balance. Now, if the earth-life is "the period of the gestation of the soul and its ethereal body," what is there in its conditions of gestation to insure that harmony of faculties and completeness of development which would reach an ideal standard, and so exclude *evil*? As an unfavorable fetal life will tell with terrible effect on the earth-life, so an unfavorable gestation of the soul in the earth-life will tell with equally terrible effect upon the spirit-life. From the imperfect condition of the earth-life, it is a logical result that there will be, in spirit-life, inharmony, undevelopment, evil, for a longer or shorter period of time. It appears, also, equally logical that those appetites and passions, whose functions it is to prompt to the nourishment and succession of our physical bodies, will perish with the bodies and cannot inherit in the soul. The disease of drunkenness pertains to the pneumogastric and other nerves, which must perish with those nerves. Here will probably be the unhappiness of the miser, that, while he has unfitness himself for happiness in other directions, having no use for money, he can find no gratification for his one absorbing passion. While there will undoubtedly be much undevelopment, arrestment, and inharmony in spirit-life, each will seek and eventually find legitimate methods of outgrowing the results of unfortunate conditions during the rudimental earth-life. I cannot believe that nature has so bunglingly adjusted the higher to the lower, that the unenlightened lower will, like the fabled vampyre, prey on the helpless higher. The relations of the spirit and mundane worlds are very imperfectly understood; and, as in other departments of human life and effort, all errors and mistakes have to be paid for. Although without positive proof, and writing from impression, I am inclined to the views of Hudson Tuttle ("Arcana of Nature"), that a favored few, by virtue of more complete moral and intellectual development, and a concomitant fitness of organism, gravitate to a higher sphere, and there find suitable associates, while the great majority linger on earth until they get that growth which will enable them to seek better society and conditions.

If this be so, it affords a sufficient explanation of the lying and unwise communications had through mediums, supposed to come from disembodied spirits. The great object of communications is, to convince a justly skeptical world of the fact of a future life; beyond this it is doubtful if practical wisdom, above what can be had through the earth faculties, can be got from spirit communications, only in rare and exceptional instances. It does not appear that the spirit is "inherently unselfish and impersonal," but that its personality is of a character corresponding to its condition. It must have an appetite for, and seek, such food as is suited to supply the waste of its own peculiar organism, but it is to be hoped that the supply is equal to the demand, and to be had without that clashing of interest which causes so much unhappiness in the earth-life.

Undeveloped spirits exist in spirit-life, what protection can we have against their baneful influence? Precisely the same means which are necessary to protect us from undeveloped spirits in the body; a firm, pure-minded, positive individuality will alone protect us from unfavorable conditions, personal or impersonal, visible or invisible.

JOHN ALLYN.

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## The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

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Toiling at noon like the busy bee,  
Teaching the little ones A B C;  
Hearing the older ones read and spell;  
Smiling and praising when all goes well;  
Washing and mending, mending and mending—  
Such is the mother's work, day by day.

Sowing good seed in their path along;  
Sowing by word, by action and song;  
Never once pausing to count the cost,  
Knowing that much that is sown is lost;  
Bearing a prayer in her heart alway—  
Such is the mother's life day by day.

Robing her for its night—  
Hearing the day confessed—  
Thus at her knee, as her flower buds nod,  
Scaling and giving the day to God.  
Now, may good angels watch essay,  
Angels have watched over her work all day.

[CONTINUED.]

From the Children's Voice.

### Cheerful Hearts and Willing Hands.

The next day Jamie, Mary, and Billy threw off their childhood like an outgrown garment, and, like men and women, consulted together what course to pursue. Self-constituted protectors of their invalid parent, with the sagacity of children and judgment of adults, they saw the necessity of speedy action. "Don't speak so loud as to have mother hear," said Jamie, dropping his voice to a low key; "but I can't help seeing we are in a tight place and something must be done." Neighbor Shylock indugnes the hope of turning us into the street; I trust he will bear his disappointment with fortitude. We are 'poor but respectable,' as the story-writers say, and if I live and prosper, will, some day, be rich and respectable. Last week Squire Talbot said he wanted just such a boy as I am to do chores and run of errands. Now, Billy, I think such a boy as you are would answer his purpose. Stand up, Billy, and let me see how much taller I am than you are; two or three inches can make no difference; so we will call it, that you are errand-boy for the Squire—no, we'll call it messenger; for that will sound more respectable, you know. Then I will take the situation in Mr. Winters' store that I refused when I thought I should go to college next winter,"—and at the mention of his disappointed ambition, his heart beat faster, and a tear dimmed his eye, but he bravely conquered the weakness by whistling the fraction of a tune, then said in a more subdued tone, "I'm only sixteen—time enough for college yet; it's better to look out for mother and make her comfortable and happy, than to know Greek and Latin. Some people think that the spirits of the dead know what we are doing, and I'm sure I never should take a moment's peace if I thought father could see us, and we forgot his parting injunction. At any rate, God sees us, and I believe he helps those who help themselves, and nobody else. Now, sis, what can you do? Guess you'll have to be mother's waiting-maid and draw your pay from Jamie, Billy & Co., for we expect to do a thriving business."

"Don't think I can't do anything because I'm a girl," said May, half indignant, and half proud. "Why, we can send away Tilly, and I can do mother's work, and sew, crochet, embroider, and—I can do better: I can teach. And I'll go out this very afternoon and see how many scholars I can get." "Capital, little sis!" exclaimed Jamie; "now what are our positions? I'm confidential clerk for Mr. Winters. Billy messenger for Squire Talbot, and Miss May principal of a rather juvenile seminary, and general kitchen superintendent. Where there's a will there's a way, and its better to fail than not; so let's try and keep mother in good spirits, and we'll see what can be accomplished by Christmas. We are well provided for clothing for the next three months. My coat is a little rusty for a clerk to be sure, but good manners will hide many a threadbare spot, and I'll try and be so polite and obliging that no one will notice my dress."

"But May, being school-teacher, will need her wardrobe replenished," said Jamie; "so we will reckon on a dress and hat for her, and new shoes for mother and Netty; that won't be a heavy bill for winter clothing."

Good spirits are contagious, and as our young heroes met their mother after their conference, their light-heartedness brought the smile to her face, and with her weight of cares she seemed happier than for months.

Space forbids our entering into all the details of success attending these children; but as the good have always friends, so when people saw the loving bravery of these three strong-hearted ones, and knew the object for which they toiled, encouraging words and helping hands met them on every side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FRIEND asked a pretty little child of six years old, "Which do you like the best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll."

### WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

#### S. F. AND S. J. R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1866 (until further notice,) Trains will run as follows: PASSENGER TRAINS leave SAN FRANCISCO from the New Depot, junction of Market and Valencia streets; For San Jose and Way Stations at 8:30 A. M. and 4:20 P. M. Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

#### ON SUNDAYS:

Leave San Francisco at 8:40 A. M. and 3:40 P. M. TRAINS will run as follows: San Jose attached to San Francisco as above daily, (Sundays excepted) at 1:00 P. M. Freight received at corner of Ninth and Market st.

Leave San Jose at 4:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS issued on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and SUNDAYS, good for return until MONDAY MORNING ONLY.

H. M. NEWHALL, President, R. P. HAMMOND, Sup't.

### General News Agents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR PAPERS AND MAGAZINES PUBLISHED IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Send for Subscription List. Address: HORN BROS., N. W. corner Montgomery and Jackson streets, San Francisco.

### PACIFIC PATENT AGENCY.

JOSEPH H. ATKINSON PROCURES AND DISPOSES OF PATENTS AND PATENTED ARTICLES.

Agencies solicited.

### BORN.

In this city, March 24th, to the wife of Samuel Marion, a son. In Napa City, March 20th, to the wife of J. Israelsky, a daughter. In Calaveras county, March 18th, to the wife of Joseph Murphy, a daughter. In Virginia, Nev., to the wife of E. Rubling, a son. In this city, March 26th, to the wife of James Isaac, a son. In this city, March 23d, to the wife of Capt. C. D. Douglas a son.

### MARRIED.

"O married love!—each heart shall own,  
When two congenial souls unite,  
Thy golden chains entail with down,  
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

In this city, P. Towne to Jennie Lee. In Calaveras county, March 16th, John Lampert to Magdalena Wrysztad. Near Santa Cruz, March 20th, Rollin R. Case to Rose M. Wager. In Santa Cruz, March 20th, E. G. Newell to Minna Stage. In Empire City, Nev., March 18th, Hiram Brashier to Catherine Dierer. At Quartz Hill, March 19th, Henry Berg to Sarah Chaw. In this city, March 20th, Dr. S. M. Stetson. In Sacramento, March 24th, Thos. D. Ball to Elizabeth N. Stamper.

### DEPARTED.

"Death is not dreadful; to a mind resolved,  
It seems natural as to be born!"  
"Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

In this city, March 25th, Wm. T. Weller, eldest son of ex-Gen. John B. Weller, in the 22d year of his age. In this city, March 25th, Wm. McNamara, aged 38 years. In this city, March 22d, Leeland H. Laws, aged 1 month and 23 days. In this city, March 25th, F. H. Boardman, aged 52 years. In this city, March 24th, Emma Damm, aged 1 year, 3 months and 28 days. In this city, March 23d, Gustaf Rosenmuller, aged 47 years. In this city, March 23d, Jennie Orleans Spaulding, aged 22 years. In this city, March 23d, Jessie Maria del Castillo, aged 11 years and 7 months. In Yolo county, March 23d, Charles Greenwood, aged 24 years. In Oroville, March 13th, Mrs. C. M. Merrill, aged 37 years. In this city, March 27th, Rowell, infant son of Alex. M. and Mary Louise Kenney, aged 4 days. In this city, March 27th, Mrs. Mary Osborne, a native of New York, aged 49 years, 1 month and 24 days. In Oakland, March 27th, Mrs. Rosana Lutrell, aged 29 years, 5 months and 17 days. In this city, March 27th, Carroll Daly, aged 21 years and 10 months. In this city, March 27th, Jefferson Davis, son of Edward U. and G. A. Cohen, aged 2 years, 4 months and 13 days. In this city, March 26th, Charlotte R. Doran, aged 5 months and 23 days.

### PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

THROUGH LINE TO NEW YORK,  
CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL!

LEAVES FOLSOM STREET WHARF, AT 12 M. (Gates open at 11 A. M.) for PANAMA connecting via PANAMA RAILROAD with one of the Company's splendid Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK: On the 10th, 18th and 30th of each month, unless by day, and on the 11th, 19th and 31st of each month that have 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday preceding.

Steamer leaves San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departures of 18th connect with French Transatlantic Company Steamer for St. Nazaire and English Steamer for South America.

The following Steamships will be dispatched on dates given below:

March 30—Steamship GOLDEN AGE Capt. J. T. Watkins.

Cabin passengers berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed to each adult.

"Why, we can send away Tilly, and I can do mother's work, and sew, crochet, embroider, and—I can do better: I can teach. And I'll go out this very afternoon and see how many scholars I can get."

"Capital, little sis!" exclaimed Jamie; "now what are our positions? I'm confidential clerk for Mr. Winters. Billy messenger for Squire Talbot, and Miss May principal of a rather juvenile seminary, and general kitchen superintendent. Where there's a will there's a way, and its better to fail than not; so let's try and keep mother in good spirits, and we'll see what can be accomplished by Christmas. We are well provided for clothing for the next three months. My coat is a little rusty for a clerk to be sure, but good manners will hide many a threadbare spot, and I'll try and be so polite and obliging that no one will notice my dress."

"I am all right but my boots," chimed in Billy; "and they can be half-soled, and a bit of a patch put on the side, and do me good service for the winter."

"But May, being school-teacher, will need her wardrobe replenished," said Jamie; "so we will reckon on a dress and hat for her, and new shoes for mother and Netty; that won't be a heavy bill for winter clothing."

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Stages leave SAN JOSE at 8:30 o'clock A. M. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, connecting with boat at Alviso; by which arrangement passengers will arrive at San Francisco in time for the business of the day.

For freight or passage apply on board, or to P. CADUC.

Arrangements will be perfected in a few days for carrying freight through to San Jose.

At 9:30 o'clock A. M. CONNECTING WITH A SPLENDID LINE OF COACHES FOR SAN CLARA AND SAN JOSE.

T. C. WALKER, Master.

Will leave Pacific Street Wharf, FOR ALVISO,

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

At 9:30 o'clock A. M.

CONNECTING WITH A SPLENDID LINE OF COACHES FOR SAN CLARA AND SAN JOSE.

OLIVER ELDERDINE, Agent.

FARE AND FREIGHT REDUCED!

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### C. F. HARTWELL, Assistant Superintendent.

Superintendent C. F. R. R.

3

SAN PABLO AND SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

Through to San Rafael and Point Isabel.

FROM VALLEJO AND DAVIS STREETS.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER CONTRA COSTA.

CAPTAIN JOHN T. MCKENZIE,

Will leave as follows:

SAN QUENTIN. 9 A. M. SAN FRANCISCO. 2:30 P. M.

Connecting with Stages for San Rafael, Olinda, Tomales, and Bolinas, in Marin county; and also with San Pablo for further particulars, apply to the Captain on board, or to CHARLES MINTURN, Agent.